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### After the War—Austria Will Have Her Troubles

Thirty-four Languages, Bitter Hatred, and Revolution Will Keep the Hapsburgs Busy.

Many a man, smiling with the others, gambling or drinking, pretending cheerfulness, is secretly wondering what he is going to say, what excuse he will offer, after the gets home, when the party is over.

Two emperors, William of Germany and Charles of Austria, apparently having a nice time now at the murder party, are wondering what they will say when the party is over—and the dead, the blind, the horribly crippled are counted.

Military glory like drunkenness is all very well while it lasts. But there is an awakening, and for Germany and Austria it isn't far off.

In Austria, particularly, the Hapsburgs with their assorted collection of small peoples, hating their despotic ruler, talking at least thirty-four different languages and rebels IN ALL, will produce such a condition of chaos, anarchy, and revolution as will make the Russia of today seem like a Quaker meeting and send the Hapsburgs—as many of them as may survive—fleeing to England or France for protection.

Conditions in Austria are admirably described by Louis Hammerling, himself an Austrian by birth, and for years the great power in the foreign-language newspapers of the United States.

Only an Austrian, finding in this country the freedom and prosperity denied him at home, could write with the information and energy displayed by Mr. Hammerling in his editorial which was published in his newspaper *The Leader*, on August 13, 1914, within two weeks of the declaration of war.

Mr. Hammerling wrote under the well-selected heading "Austria's Crime," as follows:

The bloodiest conflict of recorded history is now on. Austria—the ferret of Europe, the chronic disturber of continental peace—has again plunged the civilized countries of Christendom into international warfare. The great English statesman, Gladstone, once asked, "Can anyone put his finger on any spot of the map where Austria has done any good?" But Gladstone died sixteen years ago. What would he say of Austria's role during these later years? All over Europe there has been a rapid advance in civilization, in which Austria has not fully participated. In diplomacy her ways have been medieval, barbaric. Her present conduct is no exception.

#### Germany Approves.

After years of encroachment upon the Serbs, she annexed the Slav countries of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in 1909, without so much as a "thank-you," and with Germany's full approbation. During the recent Balkan war, Austria tried once more to set the prime nations of Europe at one another's throats. But masterly diplomacy warded off the catastrophe. Now, hardly has the smoke of the Balkan war cleared from the skies, when Austria trumps up a charge against the small, exhausted state of Serbia. She accuses a whole race of an individual's murderous folly. She sends an imperious ultimatum to Belgrade. The Serbian government, aware of its own comparative weakness, bows the knee to every condition of the offensive ultimatum save one, namely, that Austrian officials shall sit in the court which is to investigate the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort. To grant Austrian representation, under the circumstances, was to sign Serbia's own death warrant, since Austrian prejudice had already convicted Serbia. Furthermore, Serbia realized that she was not nationally responsible, and could not manfully bring herself to the admission of any

Consider that assortment of nationalities, races, envies, and hatred to be kept down when the war ends, and the Hapsburgs try to explain why the war began.

Concerning the probable outcome of the war, it is to be hoped that Mr. Hammerling was a good prophet when he wrote in that same editorial:

Of the outcome of the gigantic slaughter, we can only hazard the possibilities. Among the plausible probabilities are: That France will endeavor to take back Alsace-Lorraine; that Serbia will secure Bosnia and Herzegovina as well as form a union with Montenegro; that these last-named countries, aided by 100,000 seasoned Greek allies, and thousands of Roumanians, will alone be able to hold

Austria in check in the fastnesses of the Serbian hills; that Poland will seek this last favorable opportunity to achieve its freedom; that Great Britain will permanently cripple the German fleet, and thus destroy for a half century Germany's naval competition; that Russia will take part of the adjacent Austrian territory; and that there will arise from Austria's ruin a new Slav union of small states.

#### Mr. Hammerling concludes his editorial thus:

The frightful toll of life and property will set Europe back nearly a quarter of a century. Germany has most to lose and seemed rashly willing to risk it. Her forty years of tremendous industrial advance is now to be

robbed of its chief benefits. Never was there waged so ruthlessly unjustifiable a war as the present, and no part of the world will fail to be harmed by its effects. We can be reconciled only by the meager confidence that much peace must follow.

"Much peace will follow"—on the territory of the ALLIES.

(Continued in Last Column.)

## Now For the Showdown



## LAUGHTER IS BETTER THAN MEDICINE

By Elizabeth Jordan

A GROUP of eight persons had just finished dining in a private room on the second floor of a big hotel. They were eight very important persons. The name of every one of them was known and honored throughout America.

They talked business throughout the dinner. It was a very simple war dinner. Over the coffee they took up and settled the vital issue. Then, wearily, they rose to go home. It was 10 o'clock. Each of them had been working steadily since 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning.

Several of them were young. The oldest was only middle-aged. All looked pale, and nervously exhausted.

Real Relaxation. As there was only one flight of stairs leading to the ground floor, the little party decided to walk, instead of ringing for the elevator.

On the wall, at the bend of the stairs, hung a large framed photograph showing the head and shoulders of a bulldog. He was an animal with a pedigree. Every wrinkle of his ugly face proved that.

The oldest woman in the party—famous as a hostess before she dropped entertaining for war work—stopped suddenly and lined up beside the picture. Her head came exactly on a line with the dog's.

"I can look like his twin sister," she said, calmly. "Watch me."

The next instant she had drawn her beautiful face into an absurd

and really startling resemblance to the ferocious face of the dog. Her fellow guests stopped short on the stairs, convulsed with laughter.

"I can do that, too," said another beautiful woman. She tried the experiment. She succeeded surprisingly well. The other guests were filled with a spirit of emulation.

Two of the party, Miss X. and Mr. Y., constituted themselves a jury. They sat down on the steps to pass on the exhibition. One by one the other six stood beside the dog. In turn, they twisted their faces into a grotesque resemblance to the picture.

By this time every member of the party was helpless with laughter. Miss X. developed an unexpected talent. She could growl like the dog, while the others posed. She did it. The jury helped itself to a pin worn by Mr. B. and solemnly awarded it to Mrs. A. as the prize winner.

The whole affair had taken about ten minutes. At the end the guests pulled themselves together and stood looking at one another with abiding eyes.

Mental Tonic. "Well, if that wasn't a bracer!" said the chairman of the party. "I was half dead when we started down those stairs. Now I feel as if I could work all night."

"So do I," cried the others. "And I!" "And I!"

There is a lesson for us in the little episode. It offers, too, a good answer to those Jeremiahs who think we should all be weeping

ing, all the time, over the world's tragedies.

We should not weep at all—if we can help it. We have no time for tears. We should work with all the energy and ability there is in us. When we have exhausted that energy we should relax.

That relaxation, whenever it is possible, should take the form of laughter—for laughter is the best relaxation in the world.

The man who laughs in the trenches, trebles and quadruples his value as a fighter. His comrades laugh with him, and are braced up by their laughter.

The doctors and nurses who laugh with their patients supplement their medicines with something that is beyond price.

Laughter Club.

Among our public workers the value of laughter as relaxation is so well understood that they get it whenever they can. We see them at the theaters, laughing over comedies. We see them in the moving picture houses, enjoying and forgetting.

We see them forming groups and clubs, whose sole purpose is to carry them out of their work for a blessed hour or two, in order that they may hurl themselves into that work with renewed vigor.

One social club of ten has a ruling that during its meetings not one serious remark shall be made. Any one who forgets this rule and makes a serious remark during a social evening pays a large fine. Thus far exactly two such fines have been imposed.

At a recent meeting the chair-

man of the group came in exhausted after a protracted business meeting, at which a very big national problem was finally solved. He was physically "down and out."

"I can't stay," he said. "I'm going home to bed."

But he did stay. At the end of the brief social session one of his associates made a brief speech.

"The rule is," he said, "that anyone who makes a serious remark here pays a fine. On the other hand there ought to be a special reward for the person who, in least serious, as our chairman has been the gayest man among us this evening, we have decided, as a special tribute to pay his share of the evening's entertainment."

From the outbreak of the war, France has given us wonderful lessons in cheerfulness. During one Christmas season when her outlook was blackest the French people sent to their friends throughout the world a postal card which illustrated the indomitable spirit of their country.

It showed a magnificent rooster, with head back, and wings extended, crowing with all his might. Above him was the legend: "Up with the hearts and long live France!"

Let us lend ourselves to the "little nonsense now and then," that's "relished by the best of men." Let us be cheerful. Cheerful in our war work, cheerful on our jobs, cheerful in our homes.

Let us even be cheerful in our hearts. That's the hardest task of all!

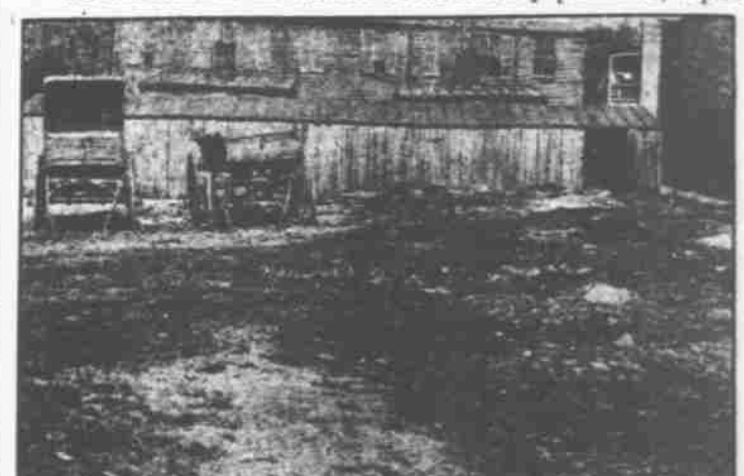
## Both Sides of Washington Harbor

Pictures Taken to Show the Urgent Need of Establishing a Ferry From South Washington to East Potomac Park.

By EARL GODWIN.

"South Washington," neglected for years whenever a park or a playground was to be given out by the lawmakers, lies within a few yards of East Potomac Park, separated only by the water of Washington harbor.

On one side of the harbor is an earthly paradise, a pub-



lie greensward of beautiful outline and wonderful opportunity for clean play.

On the other side are some of the city's dirtiest back yards, ugliest alleys, and most crowded living quarters.

The two pictures, taken only a day or two ago, show actual conditions.

In one the boys, driven from the cobbled and cluttered street, play in a wilderness of tin cans and broken trash.

In the other the boys are romping on the grass of Po-



tomac Park, which is JUST ACROSS A SMALL BIT OF WATER from South Washington.

A ferryboat to take children to that park ought to be established NOW.

## HEARD AND SEEN

Here's a chance for strangers in town, those living in the northeast and the southeast, to get together. MRS. LEON ARNOLD, of 1309 East Capitol street, tells me that Friendship Circle is going to have a dance for the benefit of FRIENDSHIP HOUSE tomorrow night. It will be at the new Masonic Hall, Eighth and F streets northeast.

Friendship House is a social center worth supporting. And this idea of putting it right up to strangers in town to go to the entertainment, so as to get acquainted, is something that ought to be duplicated all over the city.

People ask me why newspapers are reluctant to publish accusations of profiteering against landlords and agents. I think I can take the attitude of an illustrious lawmaker, SENATOR JONES of Washington, as an example for NOT bursting into print with everything one hears.

SENATOR JONES made a charge in the Senate that the owners of the Alabama Apartment House proposed to raise rents on all the tenants in a forcible manner.

The next day BATES WARREN and JOHN WARREN, whom all Washington knows, wrote to SENATOR JONES a letter which was mild compared to their feelings. They own the Alabama and told the

distinguished Senator that they had NO intention of scaring their tenants into a boosted rent; that NO proposals for a raised rent had EVER been made by them; that all the leases in the apartment have until October to run and that, of course, no one could be dispossessed?

Legislation to regulate real estate abuses is needed, but if it is based on inaccurate information it will be of little use.

Senator Jones read the letter from the Messrs. Warren and also an anonymous communication which would be of REAL interest to ALL tenants of the Alabama. I have no use for such communications, but inasmuch as it is printed in the Congressional Record for May 10 I can advertise it as a choice bit.

Eat potatoes. The latest advice is to eat both new and old crops.

What is the difference between those yellow signs indicating the place where you can get a street car and Major Ray Fullman? Answer in this column tomorrow.

WALTER C. ALLEN has a new straw hat with a broad green ribbon.

CLAUDE WATTS went to church yesterday and played golf AFTER divine services.

## Telephone Charges Excessive

I read your article in The Washington Times today, regarding the telephone company. I for one am grateful to you for interceding for the much imposed upon telephone victims. I would like to give you my experience, which is this: The telephone company installed a phone in my place a year ago. They compel me to pay 3 cents for every call I make; then pay them an extra dollar per month. The company gets all the other calls of the house guests, which each month amounts to from \$1.50 to \$6, not including the long distance calls. On

figuring up the total amount at the end of the year, I find the telephone company's income from my place is about \$115.

I want to ask you if you think they should charge me that extra dollar per month, and compel me to pay for my personal calls?

The service we get in Washington is inferior to that in a small town of 500 inhabitants, when I spent my vacation in Kansas.

Sincerely and gratefully yours,  
Mrs. L. W. WILSON,  
1208 Pennsylvania avenue N. W.

## After the War—Austria Will Have Her Troubles

(Continued from First Column.)

There will be no peace on the territory of the Hapsburgs or the Hohenzollerns, until Hapsburg and Hohenzollerns shall have disappeared.

The day after the debacle, when the dead are counted, and the allies shall have reaped the reward of courage, when our soldiers return asking no reward except the knowledge that they have done their duty—THEN THE TROUBLES OF HAPSBURGS AND HOHENZOLLERNS WILL BEGIN.

And they know it. That is why decent peace is to be hoped for from them until they are thoroughly beaten.

The Kaiser is like a "gambler" who has bet and lost what he can never pay. The only thing for him to do is to go on, hoping that some kind of an earthquake will break up the game and give him a chance to escape. If he stops he must settle, and with his people the Kaiser cannot settle.

He knows it.

## LET THE WEDDING BELLS RING OUT.

